



# MEMORIAL NOTES

OF

## The "Golden Jubilee."

CELEBRATED AT

TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA,

BY

John King, Esq., and Mrs. King,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE

Fiftieth Anniversary of their Marriage,

*November 19th, 1878.*

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HALIFAX, N. S.,  
"CHRISTIAN MESSENGER" OFFICE,  
1878.

1878  
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# GOLDEN WEDDING.



JOHN KING and SARAH ANN MARSTERS were united in Marriage, Nov. 18th 1828, and on the 19th of Nov. 1878, they celebrated their "Golden Jubilee," at their residence, Truro, Nova Scotia. All their children now living, of whom there are *eleven*,—were present, except two—John J. King of Clarkville, near Truro, the second son from the eldest, who was detained at home by severe illness, and Charles R. King, of Sydney, C. B., the second from the youngest, who was delayed *en route* at Port Hawkesbury, by a storm. In addition to the "bride and groom of fifty years ago," the following persons composed the party. Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel M. King, of Onslow; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis S. Payzant, of Halifax, and their youngest daughter Minnie Marita; Thomas M. King, of Antigonish; Miss Annie and Miss Fannie King, of Truro; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin D. King, of Halifax; Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. King, of Halifax; Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert D. King, of Truro, and their only daughter, Clara; Willard P. King, of Antigonish; and three invited guests: Mrs. Scott, relict of the late Rev. R. Scott, formerly pastor of the Onslow Baptist Church; Miss Sarah Shaw; and Rev. J. E. Goucher, pastor of the Truro Baptist Church, all of Truro.

Immediately after tea, before the arrival of the invited guests, there was "family prayer," as in the olden time, preceded by the singing of the "Jubilee hymn," commencing with the words—"Blow ye the trumpet, blow," to the good old tune Lennox, and an appropriate scripture reading from the 25th chapter of Leviticus.

The evening, whose exercises were varied by music, addresses, and the reading of original papers, in which each member of the family in turn, both parents and children, participated, was one of rare enjoyment, and will long be remembered by those who were privileged to be present.

The event was the subject of a very flattering editorial in the *Truro Sun* of the following week, and notices congratulatory and complimentary appeared in several of the Halifax papers, as well as in newspapers in other provinces of the Dominion. The following correspondence and editorial comments are taken from the *Christian Messenger*, of Halifax, N. S.

(From the CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, Dec. 4, 1878.)

## Golden Wedding in Truro.

DEAR BROTHER,—

The rarity of a golden wedding makes the event, when it does occur, worth chronicling, especially when such interest gathers about it as was associated with the one of which I am about to write.

Last Tuesday evening John King, Esq., of Truro, and wife celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. Mr. and Mrs King were married Nov. 18th, 1828.

### PRESENTS.

Mrs. King, for reasons of her own, requested the children to make no presents, but I presume the prohibition did not extend to her husband, as he made her the recipient on that occasion of an elegant gold watch and chain. The children however, united, in the presentation of a large family album containing the portraits of father and mother and their children and the husbands and wives of those married, cabinet size; and the portraits of their grandchildren *carte de visite* size. A silver plate on the cover contained the following inscription :—



There have been fifteen children, eleven sons and four daughters, of whom eight sons and three daughters are now living. All were present but two sons, one of whom was detained at home by

severe illness, the other, on his way, was stopped at Port Hawkesbury by a storm and sent a telegram to that effect. Twenty-three out of twenty-eight grand-children are now living. Two of these were also present.

#### EXERCISES OF THE EVENING.

There was no formal programme. I was told there was a tea-dinner at 5½, P. M., at which the family only were present, consisting of fifteen persons.

The guests, three in number, arrived at 8 o'clock, and as soon as they were seated with the family the venerable groom of fifty years ago addressed the company, giving reminiscences and incidents of the past 50 years. Mrs. King then followed in a tender touching address. Then the children in turn, beginning with the eldest. The addresses were full of interest. T. M. King, of Antigonish, read a poem which he had prepared for the occasion, entitled, "The Jubilee." Miss Annie King also read a beautiful original poem, entitled, "The Home." An exhaustive paper prepared by E. D. King, of Halifax, was read by the author, entitled the "Family Record."

The writer, honored to be a guest, was called upon for an address and spoke briefly congratulating alike parents and children.

The family and guests were now called to the dining room, where a grand jubilee supper awaited them, and, it being 1 o'clock, that part of the programme was by no means unappreciated.

The after supper toasts were as follows:—

(1.) "The bride and groom of fifty years ago." Proposed by E. D. King, in a neat speech, and responded to heartily by the groom.

(2.) "The absent members of the family." Proposed by the groom and responded to in fitting terms by T. M. King.

(3.) "The agricultural interests of the family." Proposed by T. M. King and responded to by W. D. King.

(4.) "The commercial interests of the family." Proposed by W. D. King and responded to by Richard M. King, of Halifax.

(5.) "The professional interests of the family." Proposed by Richard M. King and responded to by E. D. King.

(6.) "The engrafted members of the family." Proposed by E. D. King and responded to by L. S. Payzant, of Halifax.

(7.) "The bachelor and spinsters of the family." Proposed by L. S. Payzant and responded to by W. P. King.

(8.) "Our guests." Proposed by W. P. King and responded to by the writer.

(9.) "Our next jubilee." Responded to by singing the "Sweet bye-and-bye."

The interesting meeting closed by prayer and the benediction by the writer.

## SOME FACTS REFERRED TO BY SPEAKERS.

(1.) The parents and all the children are members of the household of faith, active members of Baptist churches in the different localities where they reside.

(2.) They are all total abstiners, and interested in the suppression of the liquor traffic. The father set the example 40 years ago.

(3.) Another interesting fact was brought out in the remarks of one of the speakers, viz., there has never been any estrangement of any kind between members of the family. What silken bands must have been thrown around them to bind them together in their youth.

(4.) They are all united on the great political questions of the day.

(5.) Lastly, it was palpably brought to the surface in the addresses of both father and children that the family, under God, owe largely their present position and future prospects in this world and the world to come to the gentle guiding hand of their mother.

Mother made home so attractive when they were young, mingling in their innocent games and sports in the evening, originating new ones, culling from books interesting selections for them to read, that they had no desire to spend their evenings abroad and were thus saved from falling into bad company. And if at any time any one of them became refractory and the ordinary modes of discipline failed, then the mother would take that one into her room and both would kneel, and that maternal heart would be lifted in earnest prayer to God, a means which never failed. Will other mothers go and do likewise.

Yours very truly,

J. E. GOUCHER.

*Tenno, November 23rd.*

## "CHRISTIAN MESSENGER" EDITORIAL.

The interesting communication on another page from Rev. J. E. Goucher, came to hand last week, and we were greatly disappointed that, being in the midst of Reception matters—we were unable to let it appear in our last issue.

We may add to our brother's account of the Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary of John King, Esq., that the sons and daughters are all readers of the *Christian Messenger*, and have been ever since they began to read at all. We may therefore be permitted to add our congratulations to the venerable parents and the family generally.

Mr. Goucher will pardon us too for adding a remark or two. One of the sons in his speech said he wished to honor his father as a farmer, as he felt that it was from the farm all had received

the lessons of industry and economy which had thus far given them a comfortable living. Another son congratulated his father on having been a commercial man, remembering, as he did, the board formerly on the store, which announced, "Flour for sale." Another one eulogized his father as a professional man, remembering that although he was not professedly a lawyer, yet in the capacity of a justice of the peace and stipendiary magistrate, he had administered the law for a number of years, and so acted in the capacity of judge amongst the people, that he had probably given judgement in more cases than any judge in the land.

Further, with respect to this *Kingly* family, we remember that four of the sons are deacons of Baptist Churches, two are Church Clerks, four are superintendents of Sabbath Schools, and twelve of the sons and daughters, and their husbands and wives are actively engaged in Sabbath School work. Another remarkable circumstance is that no death has occurred among the sons or daughters for the last 25 years. The last one having occurred on June 7th, 1852, when Wm. Henry, with three other students and Prof. Chipman and two others, was accidentally drowned in the Basin of Minas.



## The Jubilee.

BY THOMAS M. KING.

Proudly in his youth and beauty,  
 Stood the stalwart Scottish Laddie, fifty years ago.  
 Gently, sweetly, wholly trusting,  
 Stood the bashful, pretty Maiden, fifty years ago.  
 I will go with you my loved one !  
 From the happy home of childhood. I will cling alone to thee !  
 I will love, revere, obey thee !  
 Said the fond confiding maiden, fifty years ago.  
 I will take thee, love, protect thee !  
 Said the noble Scottish Laddie, fifty years ago.

And down the ebbing tide of years,  
 Through sorrows, joys, through smiles, through tears, hand in hand  
 Through cares of life, its struggles too, [they come.  
 Through varied scenes the man has come, from fifty years ago :  
 Bravely, heart sore and sad, at times—  
 With many a joy the woman came, from fifty years ago.  
 And as each pledge of love  
 Smiled, cooed and fondly clung in loving tenderness,  
 How glad the mothers' heart !  
 And as each rose blossomed ; opening up  
 The possible of future honored years—  
 How proud the mother's heart !  
 Oh ! the thoughtful, loving care—a mother's tender care—  
 Born of that loving heart, of fifty years ago.

And as the fleeting years rolled by,  
 Not only joy, but sorrow filled the parents' hearts.  
 The hand of death has snatched the pride of years.  
 Oh, the anguish born of fifty years ago !  
 The little ones laid low—such promise for their years—  
 Their laughter stilled that many a lonely hour had filled with joy ;  
 The prattle born of joyous innocence : the winning ways.  
 Ah ! sadly torn the hearts—the hearts so filled with hope  
 Of happiness assured, that fifty years ago.  
 And yet not all sadness. The dark cloud “a silver lining” showed.  
 Bright hope illumed the saddened hearts.  
 And the rolling tide of years revealed the mother, father, children  
 United once again, beneath a loving Saviour's smiles, [dear  
 A smile of joy—a heaven-born joy—now fills the hearts  
 That loved, that fifty years ago.

Again fond love anticipates,  
 The youthful lad, so great beyond his years,—  
 Of future promise great,—  
 Is nurtured for a life of usefulness and fame ; a life of great success  
 On other shores, 'mid other scenes, amid the ransomed host of heaven,  
 By eye of faith, the mother sees her boy.  
 And as the corse so lately ta'en from Minas' cold embrace,  
 Is slowly turned towards the home so desolate become,  
 The father's heart most sinks with grief.  
 Ah me, the sorrow born that fifty years ago !

How loving God has been !  
 Only once again have loving hearts been sad,—  
 Only once again the silver cord is loosed, to form another link  
 To bind to Him who gave that he might take away.  
 And from the tide of rolling years—of sorrow, joy and hope,  
 The fifty years have come.

What hopes, what joys, what fears are centered round this hour !  
 From happy homes, more happy made from joy of future bliss to  
 Glad hearts surround once more the honored sire, [come,  
 And once again receive the tender, loving word and look  
 Of her, who years ago had ruled, and now still rules  
 Their loyal hearts by strongest bands,  
 And as that happy home again reverberates  
 The voices glad in harmony of love,  
 The men of years, the women now past youth,  
 Are boys and girls again.  
 And not alone the boys and girls of other years familiar to its halls ;  
 Our Jubilee is graced by presence dear and sweet become,  
 The loved and loving :—who in maturity of years  
 Gave hearts of fealty to those we love, and in loving loyalty  
 Have one with us become,  
 And in unity of heart and voice, our homage pay to Him, to Her  
 Of fifty years ago, of fifty years now come.

The tide of rolling years moves on with a resistless wave :—  
 The happy circle, meeting now, is soon dispersed.  
 The weight of years has brought the honored heads  
 In whitening readiness for holier scenes :  
 And as the sad and mournful parting sighs on shores of time,  
 Grow fainter in the brighter scenes beyond,  
 The turmoil and the strife of earth are lost  
 In the glad some welcome, " Enter in !"  
 The joy of thy beloved Lord forever now to share.

How swiftly roll the years !  
 One by one the children, now grown gray from added years.  
 Are gathered in,  
 And ere another fifty years have gone their way,  
 Another Jubilee is held ;  
 The cares, the toils of life, its joys, its hopes, its fears, have passed  
 A united family now stand {away,  
 Around the throne of God, in Heaven.

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## Our Home.

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BY ANNIE S. KING.

How with that magic word,  
 Are scenes of youth in memory stirred ;  
 When in the merry days now gone,  
 We gaily cantered o'er the lawn,  
 On birch twig steeds.

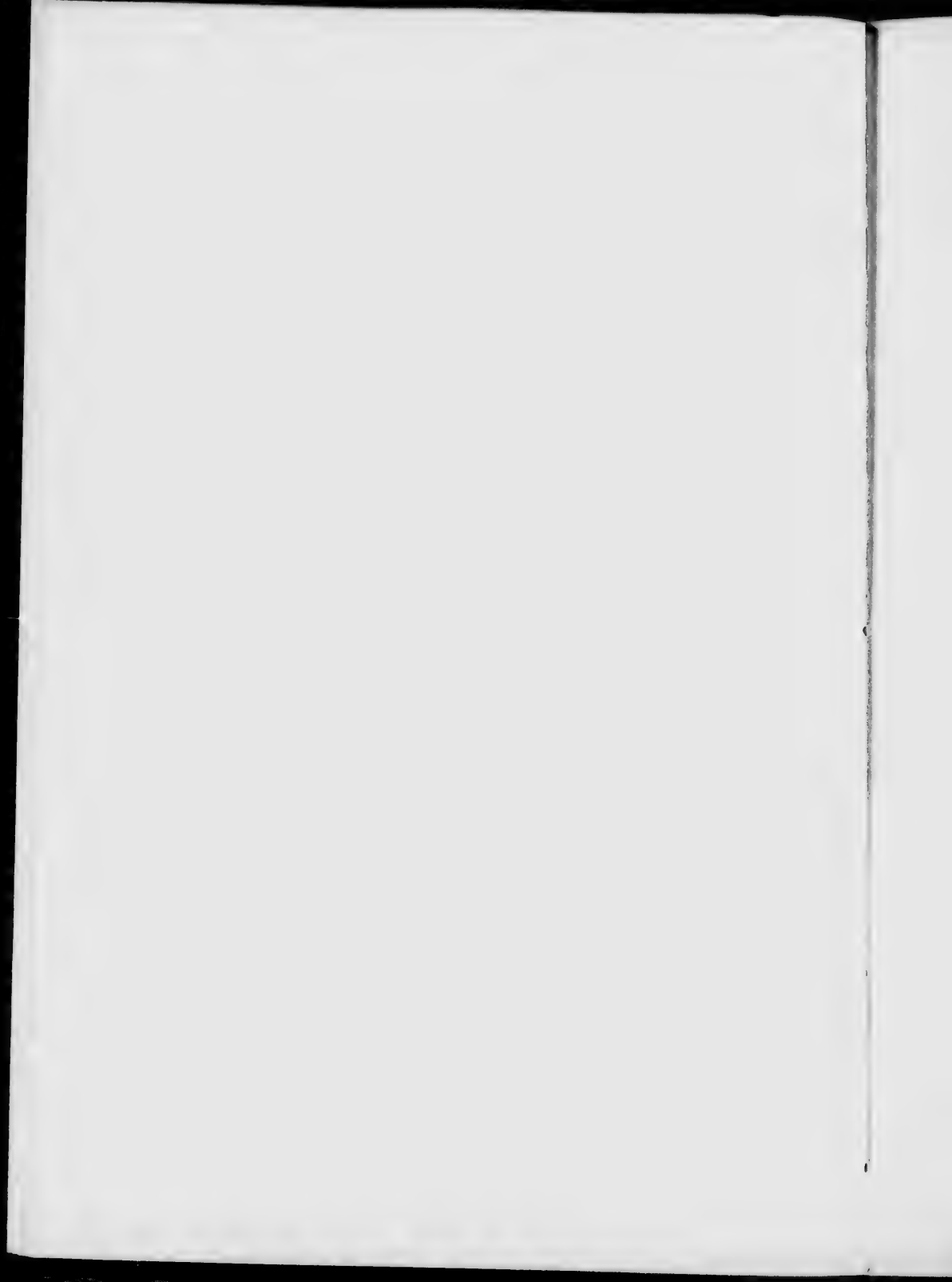
With childish freedom from all care,  
 Laughter like music fills the air ;  
 Soft golden locks in breezes flow,  
 Till cheeks would vie the crimson glow,  
 Of sunset hue.

Life 's made of mingled lights and shades ;  
 Sorrow and joy in tangled braids.  
 And memory turns *some* moist'ned sods,  
 When lively plied those birchen rods,  
 Our backs instead.

When 'neath the little square top'd roof  
 That test'd the wisdom of our youth,  
 While perched on benches set in rows,  
 Where floor scarce touched our tender toes  
 From morn till e'en.

Thus sped the years. Time marched apace  
 Till childhood yields to youthful grace ;  
 And mingling with our joys and fears,  
 Is heard that voice of childhood's years  
 In music tones.





Our mother's wisdom guides, controls ;  
 Her prayer our every interest folds ;  
 And borne on morn and evening air  
 Ascends the hymn—the sire's prayer  
     Just as of yore.

'Twas thus, by pious parents taught,  
 Our youthful hearts were early brought  
 To yield to the eternal power  
 Of God—our Rock, our sheltering tower  
     For life or death.

Thus, with Emmanuel's flag unfurled,  
 We ~~have~~ to battle with the world,  
 To climb the pinnacle of fame,  
 On fleeting sands to write our name—  
     Home's hallowed scenes.

And, now, on this our jubilee,  
 We cluster round the parent tree,  
 And shout our praise to Him in heaven.  
 Who has to us such mercies given.  
 Tho' sundered far, by hills and dales,  
 His mercy to us never fails.  
 Be ours to sound His praise abroad ;  
 Point others to our risen Lord ;  
 With gladness go where He shall call ;  
 Devote to Him our life, our all ;  
 Until, with us life's scenes are o'er,  
 We meet again to part no more,  
 With those already gone before,  
     In heaven our home.

## The Family Record.

BY EDWIN D. KING.

This is a glorious re-union. More than a score of years has elapsed since the cheerful gladsome faces, which were wont to assemble around the family hearthstone at Onslow, have been called together. The hand of Time has been busy since then, and, with his magic wand, he has touched the cheek and furrowed the brow of one and another, reminding each of the passing years.

During that time there have been many changes in connexion with the "old house at home." In some ear, indeed, the cup has mingled the bitter with the sweet, for individual members, but, for the most part, it has been one of joy rather than of sorrow; and, thank God, the family circle of twenty-five years ago is still unbroken by death. The pale messenger has been busy about us, and has now and then gently tapped at our door, but we have eaten the passover in safety.

Our last re-union, twenty-four years ago, was on the occasion of a wedding festival, "when from her chamber, clothed in white, the bride came forth on her wedding night," and the eldest daughter left the home of her youth, leaning upon the arm of her husband, to become the queen of a new home.

Again a wedding celebration has called us together, and assuredly the benedictions and congratulations which we present to-night are not less enthusiastic and hearty than at our last family gathering.

Just fifty years ago occurred the interesting event which we commemorate to-night,—an event linked with the destinies of three generations here represented. The parish records under date of November 18th, 1828, contain the following :—

"Married at Truro, by the Rev. John Burnyeat, Rector, John King, of Onslow, to Sarah Ann, only daughter of Nathaniel Marsters, Esq., of the same place."

To-day there are but two living witnesses to the fact thus recorded; but on their memories the event is as fresh and green as an incident of yesterday. To the "two hearts that beat as one," that hour is associated with the joys and sorrows of fifty years,—years of struggle and of triumph,—of sunshine and of cloud,—which each has helped the other thankfully to enjoy or endure, as the Great Giver of all things has meted out his blessings. The bride and groom celebrate their golden jubilee to-night, and eleven

children and twenty-three grand-children extend the hand for a greeting and tender their congratulations.

Fifty years ago ! The world has made wonderful strides within that time. Russia, now one of the most powerful empires upon earth,—the terror of Europe and the scourge of the Musselman—was then little famed and less feared, struggling to maintain her place among the nations. The teeming millions of China and India were then shut in with their ignorance and their idols, almost unknown to the world of civilization and Christianity. The marvels of steam and electricity, which have almost annihilated time and space in the progress of scientific development, were then wrapped in impenetrable mystery.

But the past half century has a record sacred, and of especial importance to the little company here assembled—a charmed circle into which the busy bustling world dare not intrude. To-night looking down through the vista of two score and ten years we can see a new home established on the dear spot at Onslow, where the one we revere and love by the sacred name of mother, was born. Here youth and beauty, united in the most sacred of ties,—loving and being loved,—entered hopefully upon life's struggle. Within a year a son and heir was welcomed to the family circle,—the father's pride, the mother's joy, and not less the comfort of the grandfather, who was from the first the honored guest and counsellor of the new household. And while the first-born was yet a toddling bairn, struggling with his helplessness, a little brother appeared upon the scene to divide with him the honors and dignity of heirship, which for twelve long months had been all his own. Then followed two daughters, and afterwards, two more sons, in rapid succession, until there were six little olive branches around the family board, each making large draughts upon the wealth of parental tenderness and affection,—far more than sufficient for all. The eldest, Nathaniel Marsters, was a lad of seven summers, cheerful and dutiful son, and a favorite of the grandfather whose name he bore. Thomas Marsters was a bright active boy, just entering upon his sixth year. Sarah Ann was four years old. Naturally of a sweet, loving disposition, her little winning ways and glad smile captivated the hearts of all and made her the light of the household. Mary Jane, a child of three years, fat and chubby, a characteristic to which she still does ample justice, was the picture of health, and was never happier than, when out in the backyard beyond the mother's watchful eye, she could indulge in her favorite pastime—mixing gutter puddings or making mud pies. John James had attained the ripe age of eighteen months, and was hopefully looking forward to the time when his frantic efforts to maintain the perpendicular would be crowned with success. William Henry was the baby. This was a little family of which any wedded pair, who had not yet attained to the dignity of the "Tin Wedding" by two years, might well be proud ; and mingled



with the care necessarily entailed by such a household, there was much of the quiet joy of motherhood and the father's self-conscious satisfaction.

These were halcyon days at the old home in Onslow. It is well that the near future was veiled from the vision, for a dark cloud was already in the horizon. "In such an hour as ye think not!" The blow fell suddenly and with little warning, and the parents' hearts were wrung with anguish. Death had entered the household, and two of the dear ones were borne on angels' wings from earth to Heaven. The bright-eyed Tommy and the gentle Annie were laid side by side in the grave-yard. It was the Father's hand extended in love and tender pity. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," but we, oftentimes, like these bereaved ones, are slow to learn the lesson he would teach us. "Weeping endures for the night, but joy comes in the morning." He had taken their treasures that their hearts might be his also; and soon, in the joy of a new found faith and heartfelt surrender, submissively, they could say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Not soon, however, could the childish glee, the sweet smiles, and the tender embraces of the dear ones laid to rest be forgotten; and the sad, lonely hearts often unbosomed themselves in tears. But He who had wounded was near to pour in the oil of consolation, and they were comforted.

"Thank God, bless God all ye who suffer not  
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—  
That is light grieving! lighter none befel  
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.  
Tears! What are tears? The babe weeps in its cot  
The mother singing. At her marriage bell  
The bride weeps. And before the oracle  
Of high faned hills, the poet has forgot  
Such moisture on his cheeks. Thank God for grace  
Ye who weep only! If as some have done  
Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place  
And touch but tombs—look up! those tears run  
Soon in long rivers down the lifted face  
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun."

God did not forget his afflicted ones. Seven months after little Tommy had been called away another son was given who took the name of the departed and in a measure filled his place in the parents' affections. The following year, another little Annie was ushered upon the threshold, and received a hearty welcome. Then we were six again; the old number was restored, and matters prospered in the household. There were six childish mouths to be fed, six bodies to be clothed, and six pairs of little feet to run into mischief. The responsibility imposed upon the parents was not a

light one, but none could have been assumed more cheerfully or have been more heartily discharged.

Two years and six months elapsed. The infant Annie, who had learned the first lessons of childhood, could now roam from room to room unaided. Then a new-comer appeared. In the month of September, 1842 just as the harvest had been gathered, another girl-baby was born.

The advent of Lavinia Francis, as the little stranger was named, was evidently a signal for rejoicing. Father had shown a decided preference for girls from early boyhood. Mother felt that her hands were now strengthened in her settled purpose of bringing her four boys under the refining influence of the fair sex; the boys were chivalrous and devoted; and Mary Jane and Sarah Ann, true to the feminine instinct, gave the little one the very best place in their affections. The welcome was most generous and enthusiastic. There had been boys enough already; the addition of another girl made our number complete. Now we were seven.

The following year marks an era in our family history. The year 1843 will long be remembered. The spring, awakening all nature to new life and making the birds and brooks to sing for joy, had come and gone. The summer had past, and the harvest was ended. There had been the usual merry-making at Christmas, and preparations were in progress fitly to celebrate the approaching New Year, when the founder of a new dynasty, known to family history as the "Four Little Boys," suddenly made his appearance and loudly asserted his right to regal honors. The event is thus recorded in the old family Bible:—"Born, December 26th, 1843. Edwin David King."

A tradition has been handed down to the grandchildren that the new-comer was regarded as an enemy to the liberties of the household. The name *Edwin* was given him, it is said, for his Saxon ancestor of warlike fame; and *David*, because he must fight his way single handed. *He* threatened the peace of a happy family, and bid fair to make it a vale of tears,—is the old story.

The ancient slander should be buried and the truth be told. Mother *never* liked boys, as she has often declared, but she gave no little aid and comfort to the arms of the invader, and welcomed him in many a tender embrace. Father was always a conservative in politics, but, although averse to change, was a man of peace. But there *was* the shout and cry of battle, notwithstanding. The reigning "seven" declared war, and there was a fierce and tearful struggle, soon ending in their utter overthrow and unconditional surrender. The chief of the "illustrious seven" and the first of the "Little Boys" then formed an alliance of a character the most tenuous. They ate at the same table. They slept in the same bed. A tie more tender than brotherhood united Nathaniel and Edwin, and death only can sever the life-long devotion.

Fourteen months later, on the 22nd of February, 1845.

second of the "Little Boys" was born. There was a terrific hurricane in the West Indies that year, but peace reigned at Onslow. The recognition of the new line of Kings was now complete, and they gave the baby a right royal name, Richard Marsters. Wilbert Dimock was announced on the 26th day of April of the following year; and in less than a twelvemonth from that date the last of the "Little Boys," Charles Rupert, was welcomed to the household. The "Little Boys" now grew in stature and in favor with the family daily. To the "illustrious seven," they were the rock of refuge, the bulwark of defence. "Nobody did it" is the ready excuse offered by most children for their peccadilloes; the older members of the family at Onslow were more fortunate. The "Little Boys" did everything that was naughty in that household. They made all the noise; broke everything valuable that was destroyed in that way,—the same having been always "cracked before,"—and turned things upside-down generally. Of course they must have been verily guilty when the other children were such paragons of excellence. And, in very truth, they were a boisterous lot of fellows, with playful energy enough for a dozen ordinary boys.

At home in those times father generally rose very early, and, for the benefit of the rest of the family, the day was usually ushered in with divers yells and other unearthly sounds, proceeding from our dormitory, which the "Little Boys" denominated "cock-crowing." Then, with the first dawn, commenced the "pillow fight." In this noble encounter the little fellows usually took sides, two at each end of the room, and there was shouting and laughter and pelting with pillows until one side could claim the victory or all felt too exhausted to continue the struggle. Throughout the day the pastime was varied;—in the barn, jumping on the haymow, or playing hide-and-go-seek;—in the backyard, yoking the calves and driving team;—in the fields, playing horseback with divers long sticks for horses;—and in the house, in the evening, there was "tit-tat-too," "checkers," or "blind man's buff," with mother for mistress of ceremonies, making herself a child with the rest until bedtime.

I often look back to those days. How our good, loving, gentle mother endured all our noise and the confusion it wrought,—for she was generally an eye-witness to our childish pranks,—has been a life-long marvel to me; but an impatient word never escaped her lips. In all matters of *discipline* there was the utmost firmness and decision; but the rod was used wisely, and *never* in anger; and the justice of the punishment was never questioned. We always felt sure, too, that our innocent, childish plays, however exuberant our spirits might become, would not be needlessly interfered with, and her sympathetic devotion to her children inspired in them an unalloyed love and loyalty which feared only to wound the heart that was wholly trusted.

Charley, the youngest of the "Little Boys" ruled in Babydom for five years, but in December, 1861 a new king arose—Archibald McClay was born. Lent from the Lord, he had sojourned in the household but a few short months, when he was called home, and his infant form was laid to rest in the graveyard. A jewel was added to the diadem above,—another tie bound earth to heaven.

Willard Parker, the *eleventh son*—the *fifteenth child*—was born June 16th, 1861. The date is indelibly fixed on my mind; for, the first great event of my life occurred during the early summer of that year. I was then a lad of *nine* summers, small of stature for my years, and realized, as a boy only can, the immense importance of the incident, which I will recall.

It was the time of hay making. Father, and my older brothers, were all very busy in the field, and a *man* was wanted to take the team for a load of flour then awaiting delivery at Londonderry, some 15 miles distant. Although I had never been so far from home before, father *thought* I could do it. Mother was very apprehensive, as mothers will be sometimes, and *strongly objected*. I was *sure* I could do it. Was there ever a boy too young to drive a pair of horses? At length, father and I prevailed. Old Tom and young Charley,—the horses, not the boys—were harnessed—tandem fashion—to the long hay cart, and early in the morning with whip and reins in hand, I was on the road for Londonderry. The mission was entirely successful, and on the same day, about an hour after sunset, an anxious mother welcomed home, again, the proudest boy in all Onslow.

There have been no babies in the household since the year 1861. For *twenty-seven* long years Willard has reigned supreme. The seven older brothers, one by one, have long since left father and mother to cleave to their wives; the eldest sister has submitted to the law of her husband; and the two younger sisters joyfully cleave to each other, and have become the stay and comfort of the bride and groom of fifty years ago. But, Willard, alone, and unsupported, has nobly stood at his post, through all these long years. All honor to such self-sacrificing devotion. Verily he shall have his reward.

The family history has been traced briefly, down to the year 1852—the last year, and the most eventful one, of the first twenty-five years—Henry, then a youth of sixteen,—of manly form and stature—was still at Wolfville, where he had been for five years, pursuing his studies. He was now in his third year in College, the youngest and universally esteemed, in many respects, the most brilliant of all who up to that time had become "Juniors" in the Classic Halls of Acadia. All the other children, then living, were still members of the household at Onslow.

All through the early months of that year, the gold fever was raging in Nova Scotia and from different parts of the Province.

young men were hastening to slake their thirst for the precious metal, away to the mines of Australia.

Nathaniel, then a young man in his 23rd year, had caught the contagion, and was actively making ready to take passage in a ship which was to leave Halifax for Melbourne in June of that year. At home, none could endure the thought of the separation. Henry wrote several letters from Wolfville, entreating him to reconsider the step, fearing that he should see his face no more. At the last moment he yielded, and instead, took passage on the 7th day of June in a vessel bound from Masstown, Londonderry, to Boston. The weather was somewhat boisterous, and there was much anxiety at home for his safety. Young as I then was, I can well recollect the strong convictions expressed by mother that evening, that all was not well with her boy; but no one had a thought that the most saddening intelligence awaited the family from a very different quarter.

The shock was as sudden and unexpected as the news was heart-rending. "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are my ways your ways, saith the Lord!" On the 8th day of June a telegram was received from the Rev. Dr. Cramp, Wolfville, then President of Acadia College, conveying the sad news. There had been a geological excursion to Blomidon on the day previous, and on the return, the boat had capsized in the Basin of Minas, and Prof. Chipman and four of the students, with two other persons had been drowned. Our Henry was of the number. The pride of the family—he, in whom our highest hopes and brightest anticipations centred, was now no more. Through darkness and mystery, God was speaking, and the stricken hearts overwhelmed with sorrow, were "dumb with silence."

"Within the heart is oft enshrined  
Grief never breathed to mortal ears;  
And there are sorrows which can find  
No quick relief from flowing tears."

But our mourning was not without hope. Early in life, the dear one, now removed from earth, had learned the way of life, and we knew that

"He was not dead, the child of our affection,—  
But gone unto that School  
Where he no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.  
Day after day, we think what he is doing  
In those bright realms of air;  
Year after year, his tender steps pursuing,  
Behold him grown more fair.  
Thus do we walk with him, and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken;  
May reach him where he lives."

*Memoranda in 1852 in his 17 years*

During the last twenty-five years, the great events in the family history, have brought joy and gladness, only, to the household. The first of these has been already referred to. There was a wedding at the home in Onslow on the 11th of January, 1855, when Mary, the eldest daughter was united in marriage with Lewis S. Payzant, then of Falmouth, but now residing at Dartmouth. This union well merits its prominent place in the family history. It has given us the *eldest* and the *youngest* of the twenty-eight grandchildren, whose names have a place on our records and the *only* son-in-law. May their shadow never grow less.

Nathaniel, the eldest son was the next to establish a new home; and was married to Angeline W., only daughter of John Marsters, Esq., of Cornwallis, in 1856. This wedded pair enjoy the distinguished honor of having presented the family with its first grandson, now a handsome young man of twenty-one years, and principal of the Grammar School at Antigonish. James became a benedict in 1863, when he was married to Rachel K., eldest daughter of the late Stephen Upham, of Truro. Four little olive branches surround their board, and give light and joy to their home near Truro. Thomas was married to Susan W., daughter of the late Rev. John Whidden of Antigonish in 1859. Their home at Antigonish has ever been a model of kindhearted hospitality and good cheer. Of Edwin, what shall I say? If I were at liberty to speak of the best and happiest of wives, and the most blissful home in all Nova Scotia, I would invite your attention to No. 60 South Park St., Halifax, and refer *all* to an event, singularly fortunate for me, which occurred on the 3rd day of February 1869, at Wolfville, when Minnie S., eldest daughter of John W. Barss, Esq., took unto herself a husband!

In matrimony, as in mischief, I was the leader of the "Four Little Boys." Wilbert, promptly followed the good example, thus set, in October of the same year, when, he was united in wedlock to Emily S., youngest daughter of John Kent, Esq., of Truro. In February of the following year Charles was married to Maggie, daughter of William McDaniels of Sherbrooke, Guysboro Co., and Richard, not to be outstripped joined the benedictine ranks, June 15th of the same year, when he was united to Mary E., eldest daughter of the late David Wilson, Esq., of Truro.

Others of the family are "only waiting" to follow these good examples. Ere long, the last marriage bell will have sounded and the joy of the "Old house at home" will be complete.

There are some other changes which need not be noted, but the *richest* blessing which has descended upon the household must be referred to. Within the last twenty-five years, every one of the eleven children, now living has been hopefully converted to God, and all are, to-day, consistent and active members of Baptist Churches in the different parts of the Province where they reside,—a communion with which the parents have been long connected. Their partners

in life, too, are all Baptists, and, with one exception, are active Church members. Four members of the family are Baptist deacons; four are Superintendents of Sunday Schools; two are church clerks; and nearly all are earnest workers in Sunday Schools.

Thus, imperfectly, the family record has been outlined. Those of our number who have already passed into the spirit-land may be looking down upon us who hold them in remembrance to-night.

“ And when I ask with throbs of pain  
 Ah ! when shall we all meet again,  
 As in the days long since gone by ?  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Never here, forever there,  
 Where all parting, pain, and care,  
 And death and time shall disappear,—  
 Forever there, but never here”—

At best, in this life, “ we see through a glass darkly,” and cannot know the bliss and rapture of *that* meeting, but let us thank God for the re-union to-night. We thank Him, too for the union of fifty years ago.

“ There are moments in life which are never forgot,  
 Which brighten and brighten as time steals away.  
 They give a new charm to the happiest lot  
 And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day ;  
 Those moments are hallowed by smiles and by tears  
 The first look of friends and the last parting given  
 As the sun in the dawn of his glory appears,  
 And the cloud weeps and glows with the rainbow in heaven.  
 Oh ! these hallowed remembrances never decay,  
 But they come on the soul with a magical thrill  
 In the days that are darkest they kindly will stay  
 And the heart in its last throb will beat with them still.

